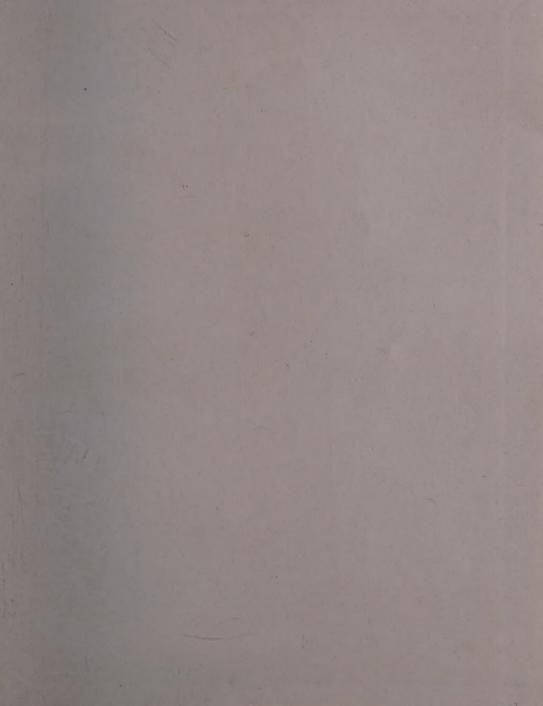


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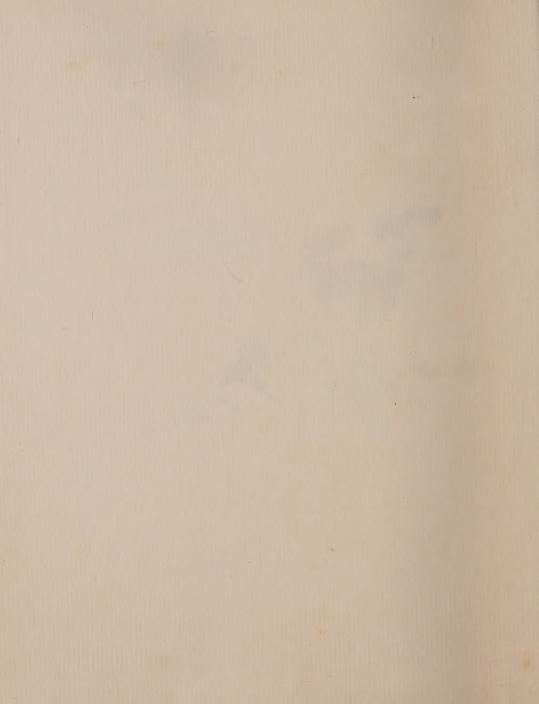


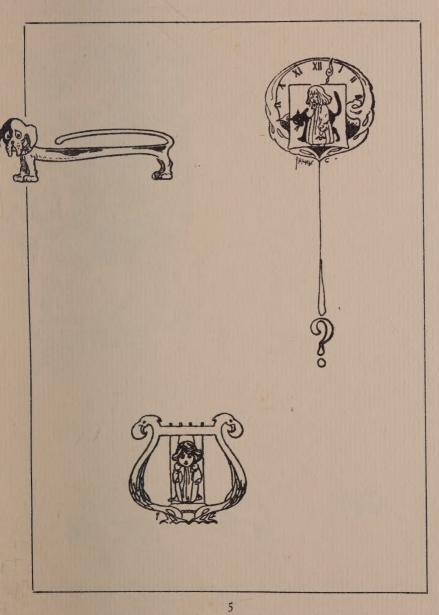


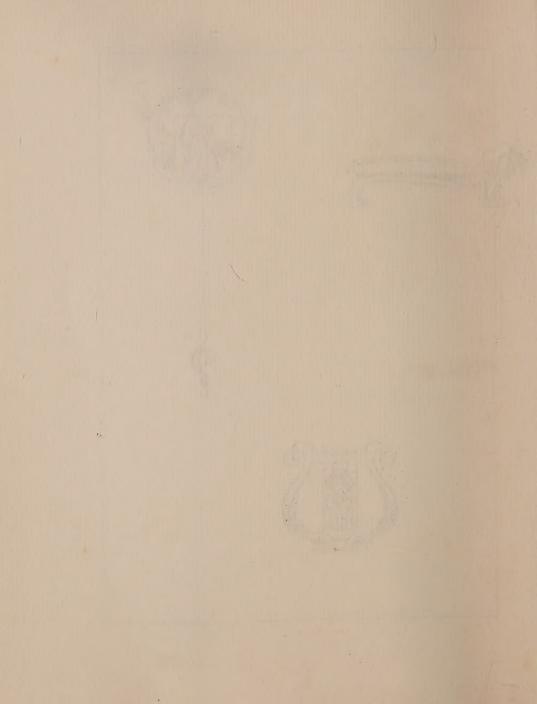










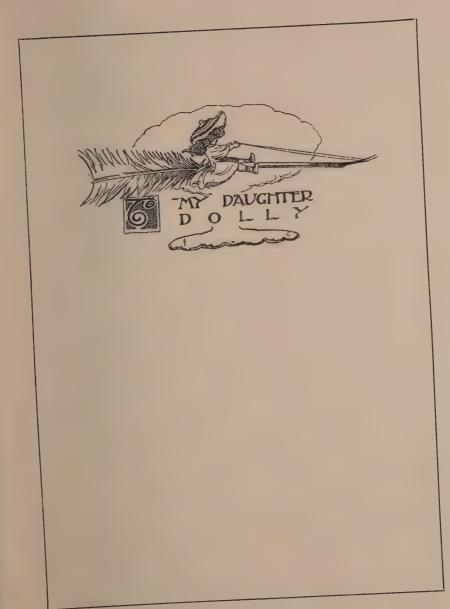








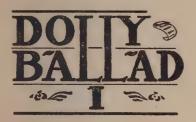
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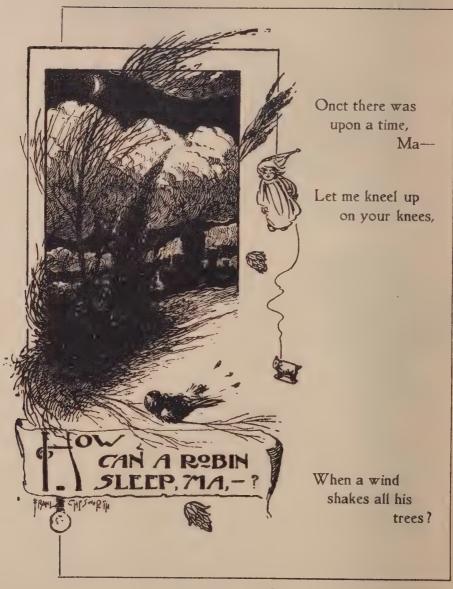


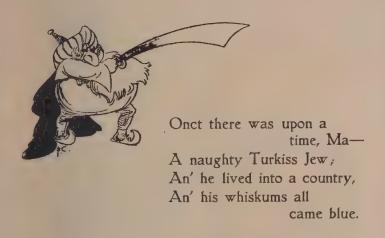




WISH it didn't blow, Ma,
Acos I's cold as lead;
An' I wish if you would rock me
Before I go to bed,

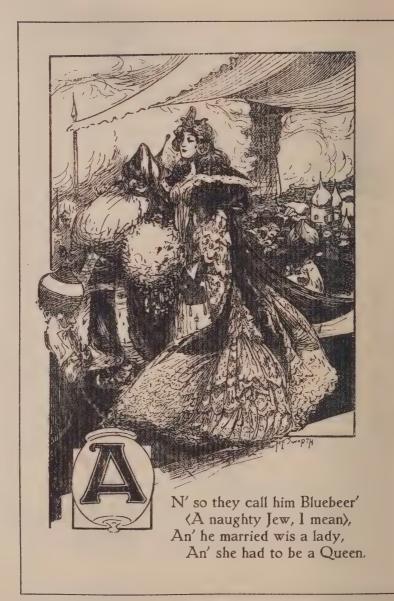
If I was on your knee, Ma,
I fink I'd be all right,
As then I's tell a story
What Mary telled last night.





My Dada's face is blue, Ma, Acos he s'aves, you know. Would my Dada have blue whiskums If he let his whiskums grow?





When I'm a growed-up lady, Nobody 'Il mally me. I's going to be a mamma An' make my Dada's tea.



An' a Bluebeer' went to
Blackpool,
An' a Queen sat down
an' cried,
An' he shown her a blue
cham'er
Which she musn't look
inside.



An' what you fink she saw, Ma?

Lots of ladies which was dead;

An' they'd all been Bluebeer's wife, Ma,

What he'd cutted off her head.



What does a wind keep sayin'?

I fink it flightens me.

Will Cap'in Green be flightened

In a ship onto a sea?

I fink if I's a cap'in,
An' when it blows an' rains,
I'd raver be a porter.
An' ride inside a trains.









N' a Bluebeer' came back home,
Ma,
An' he looked like Grandpa looks,
When he says
"I fink some children
Has been 'ferein' with my books."

An' a Bluebeer' made big eyes, Ma, 'Cos a key was red as red;
An' he told her she'd five minutes
To be cut from off her head.







An' a Bluebeer' made such rows;

An' she saw a cloud of dust, Ma,

Bur it's only flocks of cows.





Why does God blow a wind,
Ma,
An' make a drefful noise?
Does God know that it flightens
Us likkle gells and boys?

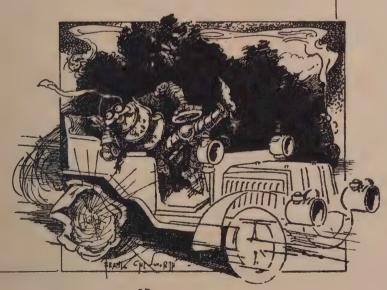
An' Bluebeer' came to fetch her,
An' she hided' in a chair;
But she had to go down stairs,
Ma,
'Cos he pulled he' wis her hair.







An' he's going to cut her head off,
An' she kneeled onto a ground,
An' a gentleman was ridin',
An' he fought he heard a sound.





An' a gentleman's her cousin,

An' he walked in on his toes;

An' he ran right up to Bluebeer',

An' he snatched him by his nose.



An' he sticked him in the stomach,
An' a Bluebeer' went an' died;
An' a queen an' him got mallied,
An' they went to a seaside.





It's a tale what Mary telled me,

One night you wasn't in,—

Ma, why does Noggs,
the milkman,

Tickle Mary on a chin?



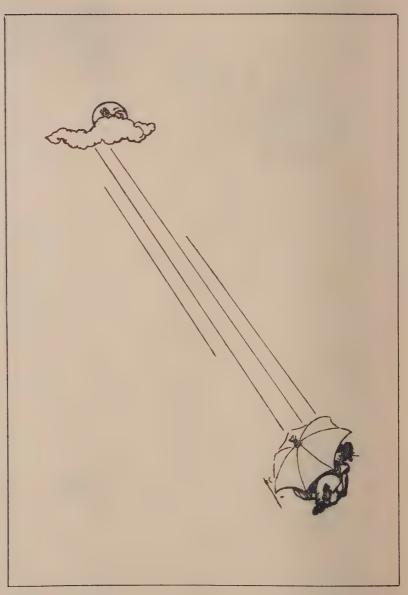


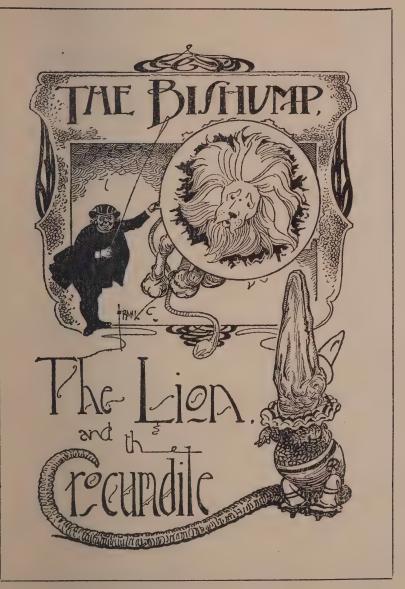






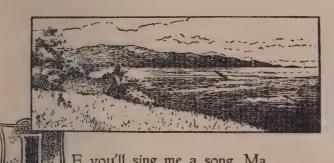






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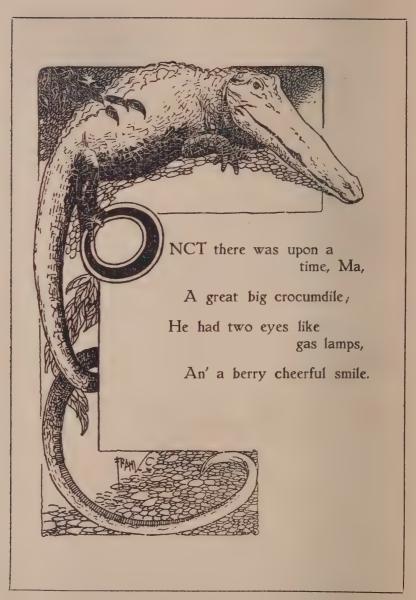
F you'll sing me a song, Ma,

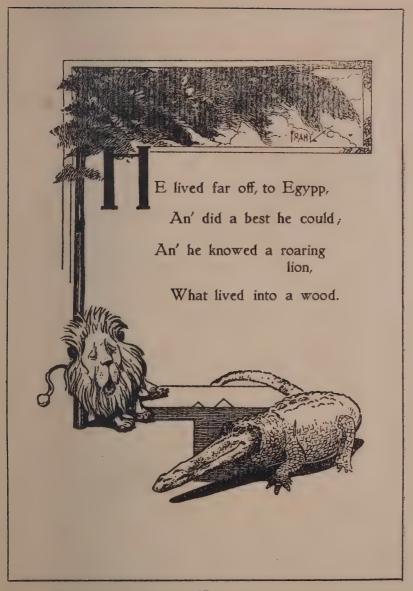
About a Sands of Dee,

Then I'll tell you a story

What Dada told it me.



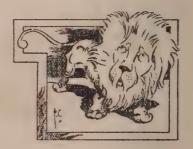








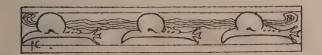
They isn't any lions
In Winnie's wood, Ma, eh?
'Cos, if they was, a pleeceman
Would flighten 'em away.



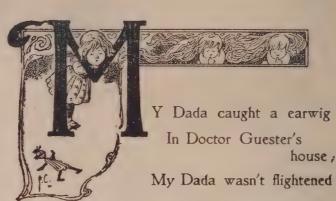




If onct when I was paddlin'
They's crocumdiles about,
My Dada 'd come and catch 'em,
An' turn 'em inside out.







One day we saw a mous.

If crocumdiles came here, Ma,
One night when we's in bed,
My Dada 'd get a chopper,
An' kill 'em till they's dead.









An' so a roarin' lion

Was hungrier as sin,

(He was Ma, Dada said so,)

An' a crocumdile felt thin.

An' a lion rolled his tail up,

An' went out for a walk,

An' a crocumdile was bathin',

An' so they had a talk.





WISHT if my new dolly

Wasn't burnt off from its
hair;

I wisht you'd buy a new one,
One day to Auntie's fair

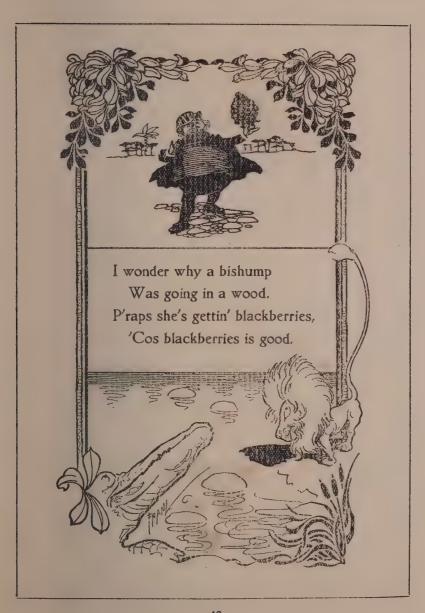


An' a crocumdile said "Golly,
They's a bishump comin' by,"

An' a lion said "Good business," An' winked him ozer eye.









An' when a lion seen her

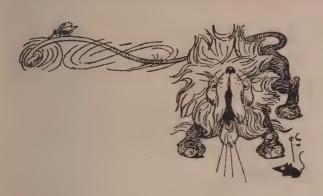
He hid into his cave,

An' a crocumdife sat down to wait

Ahind a likkle wave.







An' a bishump walked an' walked, Ma,
Close by a lion's hole,
An' she saw a lion roarin',
An' she said God bless her soul.









An' a great big roarin' lion

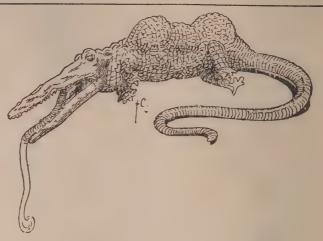
Came jumpin' froo a trees,

An' a bishump's berry flightened,

An' sat down on her knees.







An' a crocumdile lay down, Ma,
On his likkle river-bed,
An' a lion was inside him,
An' bofe of them was dead;
An' a bishump brushed her gaiters,
An' wombled home to tea,—





An' now sing me a song, Ma, About a Sands of Dee,





DOLLY BALLAD

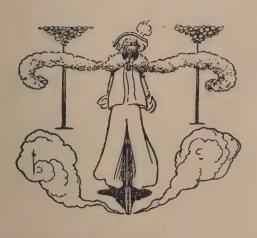








OU know, Ma, Winnie's bicycle,
When she goes riding past?
Well, one wheel's always going first
An' a other's going last.







OU know that 'Weesa Birtles, Ma,

Where I went out to tea,
You know, Ma, she's a biggish girl,
Wis higher legs than me.





ELL, you know her brother
Norman, Ma,
Woo's got such crooked hair,
An' says he won't play ball
wis girls,

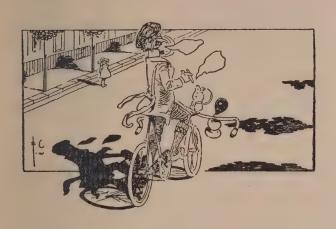
Acos they don't play fair?

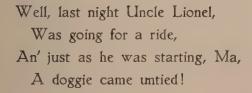
An' you know his Uncle Lionel,
What walks as if he's corns,
Woo's bought a shiny bicycle
Wis handles like cow's horns?





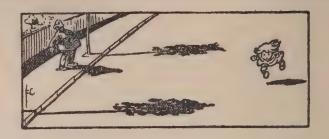
An' you know his big white doggie, Ma,
What flightened me one day,
Woo used to be a puppy, Ma,
Before we went away?

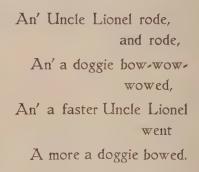




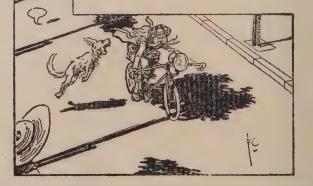


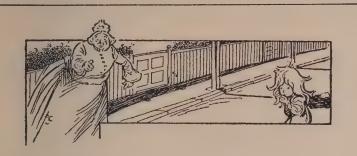














An' Norman's Uncle's Ma

came out

Wis Norman's cricket bat,

An' she froo it at a doggie, Ma,

An' hit our pussy cat.





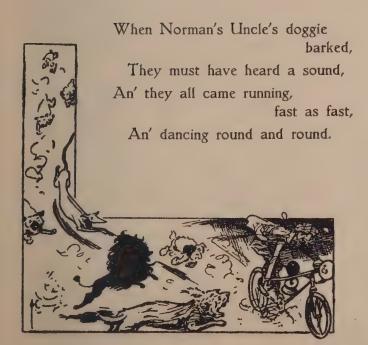
An' a more they called a doggie, Ma,
A more he never heard;
An' Uncle Lionel got quite cross,
An' said



An' you know that big fat noisy dog
Woo has such pluggy feet,
An' a grey dog, an' a bandy dog,
Woo lives in Reanie's street?









An' a doggie wif a pluggy feet
Got right before a wheel,
An' put his tail in underneaf,
An' O! how he did squeal!

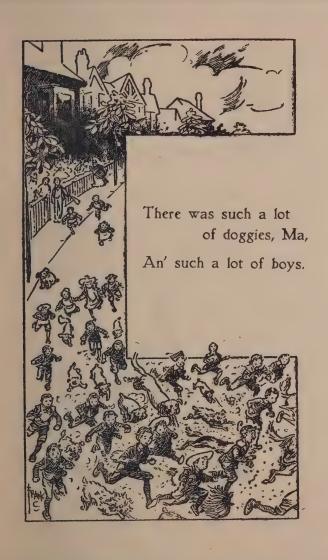




An' O! there was a noise.







A bicycle upset one boy,

An' then anover one

Got in a way, and down

it camed;

An' oh! it was such fun!





An' Uncle Lionel was cross,
An'—Willie says he swore!
An' a bicycle was bended up,
An' his knicker knees was tore.







An', Ma, you know that Bernadine, Woo plays wis me at shops?



Well, one day she'd a penny, Ma, An' she bought some choc'let drops;





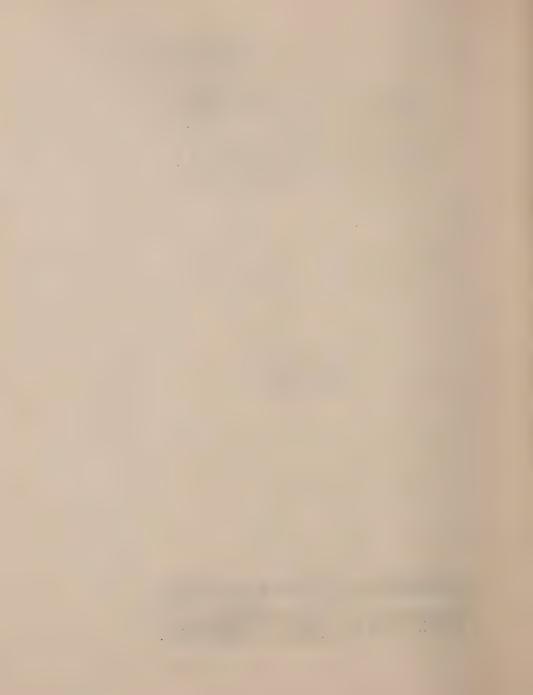
An' oh! she made her nice new frock
In such a horrid mess,—





An' now tell me a story, Ma,
About a good princess.















bracken,
When the daises is asleep,
An' hold your hands before
your face,
An' peep, an' peep, an' peep,







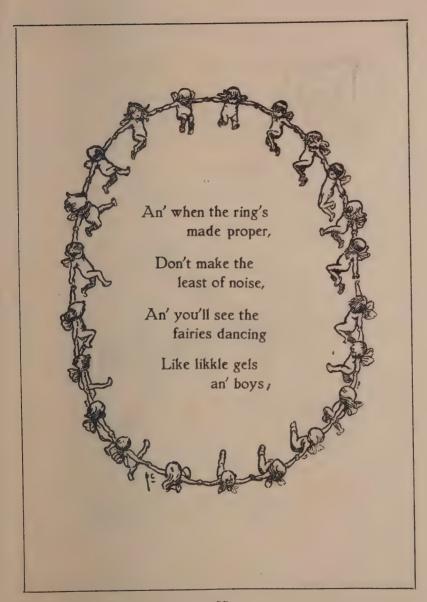
An' never talk, nor wiggle, An' don't do anysing,

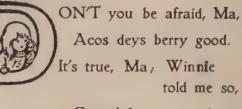


You'll see the likkle fairies come An' make a fairy ring.









Comin' froo a wood.







NCT there was upon a time, Ma,

A right good likkle gel;

An' she went to get some water,

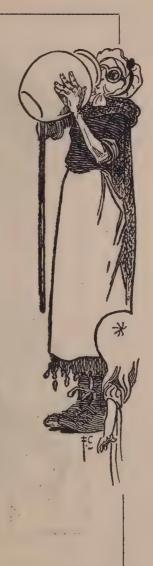
A long way to the well;





An' the likkle gel's name's
Weeza,
An' she asked her for
a drink.
An' the likkle gel said,
"Yes, ma'am,
Please to drink a great
big lot,"
An' the beggar was a fairy,
An' she drank up all
she'd got.











It's true; 'cos Winnie told me so,

Comin' froo a wood.





Well, there was a big, big giant,
As naughty as could be,









An'—an' Jack, a giant-killer,

Climbed up a big beanstalkt,



An' got into a meadow,

An' walked, an' walked,
an' walked.







An' Jack hid in a oven,



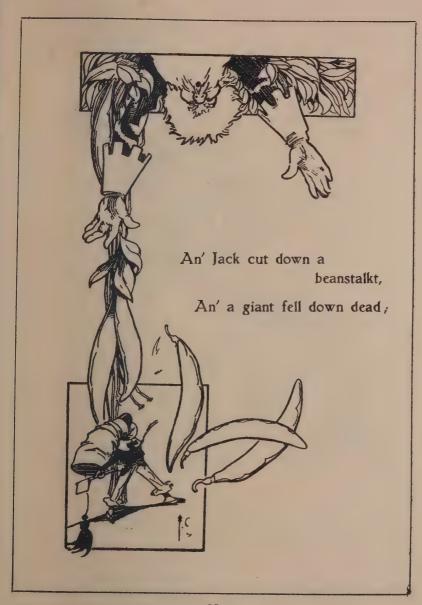


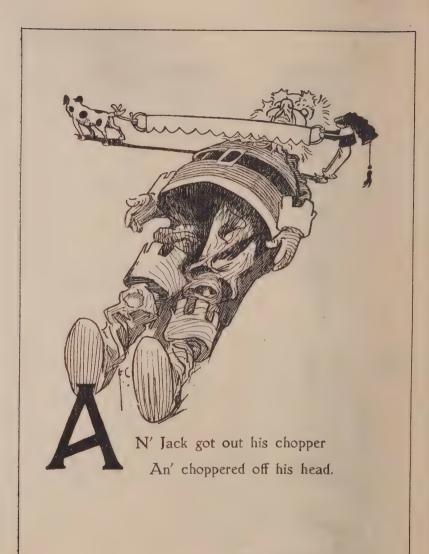
An' then a giant come
An' ate a lot of dinner,
An' called out
"FEE FO FUM!"



An' Jack took all the money,
An' ran as quick as quick,
An' the giant he ran after him
To kill him wis a stick.







It served a giant right, Ma,

Acos he wasn't good.

It's true, Ma, Winnie told it me,

Comin' froo a wood.

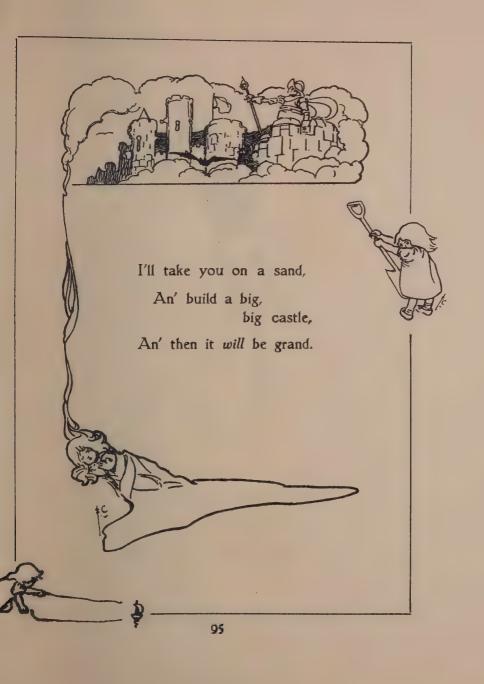




When I'm a growed up lady
I'll be as good as gold;
An' I'll sit up late wis Dada,
When I'm berry old.
When I'm berry, berry old, Ma,









I wisht if I was old, Ma,
I'd ride a donkey twice,
An' buy some choc'late piggies—
'Cos choc'late pigs is nice.



An' I'll buy you a gold brooch, Ma,
As big as all the sea;
You are a funny Mamma,
You keep on kissin' me.







'LL be rich when I'm a lady,

If only I'll be good;



I shall, Ma, Winnie told me so,

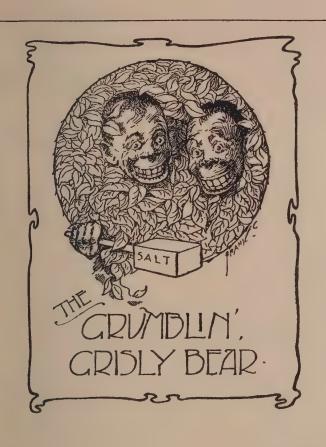
Comin' froo a wood.



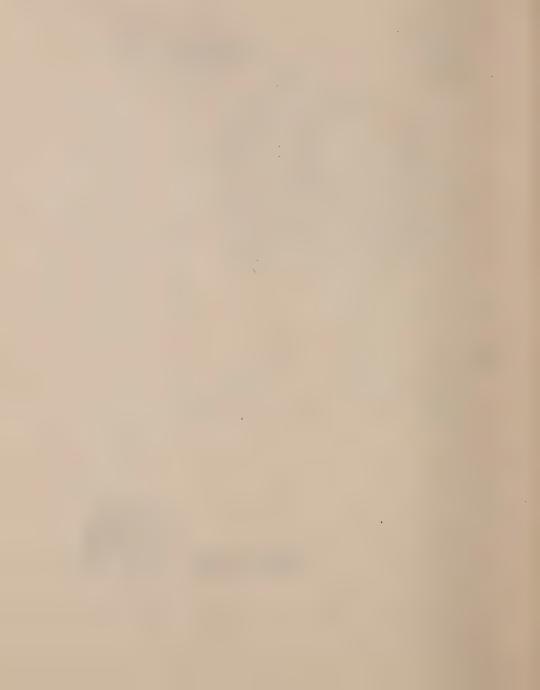


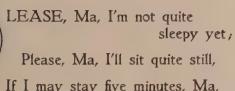










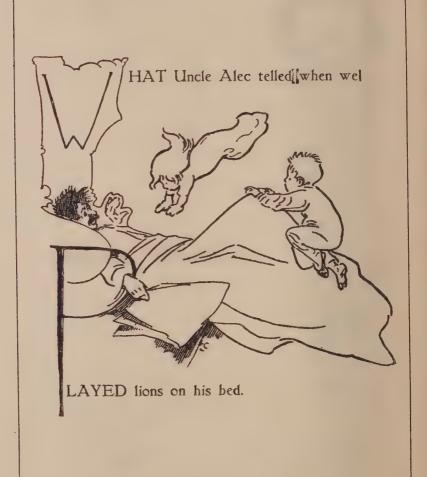


If I may stay five minutes, Ma,
Please, Ma, I'm sure I will;
Please, Ma, I'll tell a funny tale,
While Corri eats his bread,





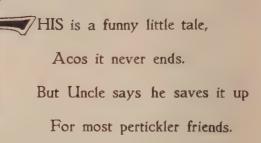


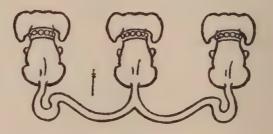


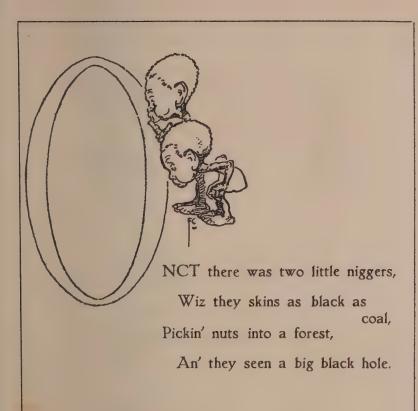


Please, Ma, may I sit on you knee,
An' love you once—like so,
An' kiss you, one, two, free—like that?
An' then away we go.















An' one nigger's name was Sambo,
An' the other's name was Ned;
An' they bofe sat down to giggle,
An' they each one scratched his head.







An' a biggest little nigger

He said, "You sot down jes dar,

While I crawl into a tungel

Till I finds out what she are,"





An' he stood up on his hands and knees,

And crawled into a dark,

While his bruver danced outside an' said,



"My golly! what a lark."



An' a big one crawled, an' crawled, an' crawled,

An' a small one danced around;

An' a big one came into a cave,

An'—what—d'you—fink—he—found?





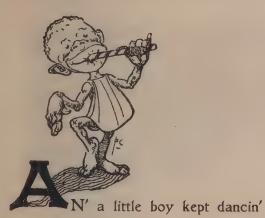
Free, teeny, weeny, baby bears,

All sittin' on their heels,

An' waitin' for their Ma

to come,

An' help 'em to their meals.



While his chewin' gum he chawed,

Till he heard a noise, an' looked at it,

An'—what—d'you—fink—he—sawed?





He sawed someting what made him feel
All wambly at a knees—
A great big grumblin' grisly bear
A scumblin' fro a trees.







But when a bear went in a hole,

He followed in her trail,

An' set one foot each side a wall,

An' grabbed her by a tail.





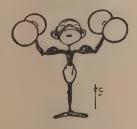
An' a big boy'd got the weeny bears,
An' popped 'em in a sack,
An' tied 'em wif his garter straps,
An' hiked 'em on his back.

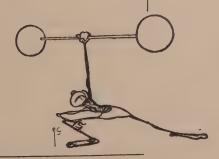






An' a grumblin' grisly tugged an' tugged,
Until a tail went crack,
An' a little nigger's doubled up
Wiz holdin' of him back.





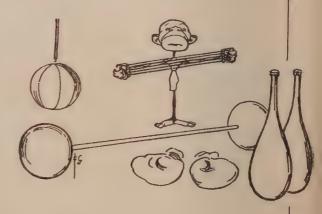


An' he called out, "Golly mighty me,

Have mussy on you soul;

If dis bear's tail come off, you'll see

Who's darkenin' de 'ole."

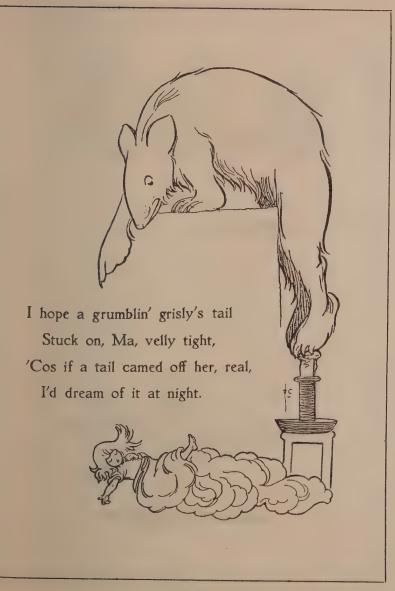


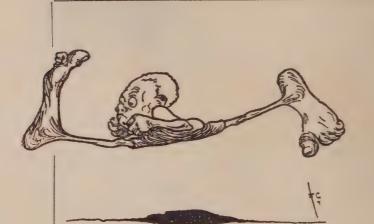


That's all of what the story is,
What Uncle Alec said,
One mornin' when we went
to play
At lions on his bed.









I wisht if Uncle Alec, Ma,
Would finis it some day;
I'd like if that poor nigger boy
Got out an' runned away.





But Corri says if he was eat

It served him jolly glad,

Acos he treat a baby bears

So velly, velly bad.





An' please, Ma, Corri wants to know

If a tail stickt on a bear,

How long the grumblin' grisly an'

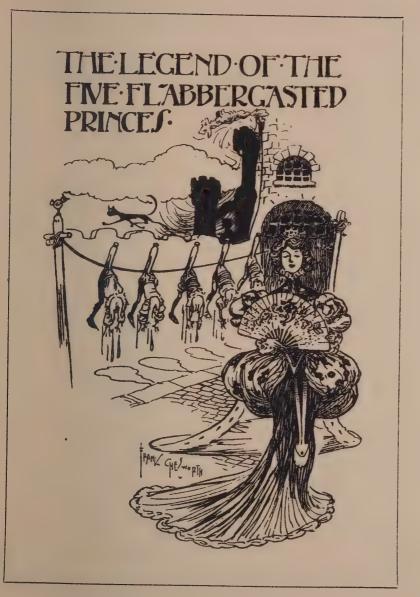
The boy stayed foolin' there.

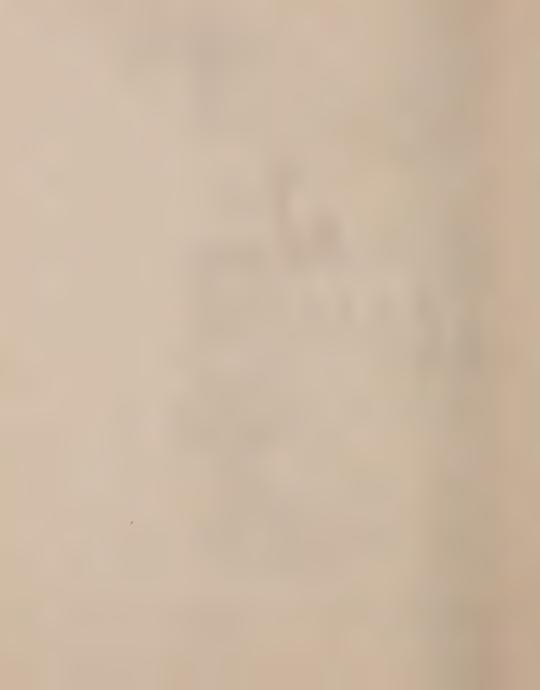














Y dolly, Efel, 's gone to bed;

She seems quite full of fever.

I'se hope it's nofiing coming on;

I'se hardly like to leave her.



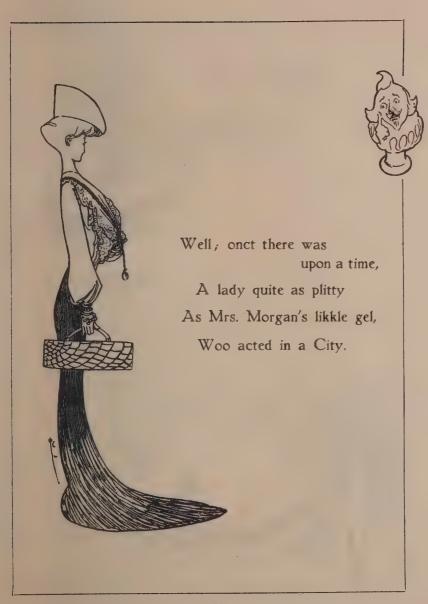


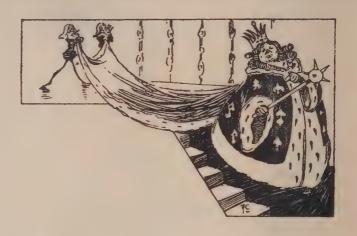




But Winnie said, Ma, if you fink
My dolly'll soon be better,
You'd like if I'se tell you a tale,
While Winnie writes a letter.







Her name was Princess Poppy, Ma, (Poppy's a nice name, raver,)

She had a queen for her mamma,

An' a rich king for a faver.

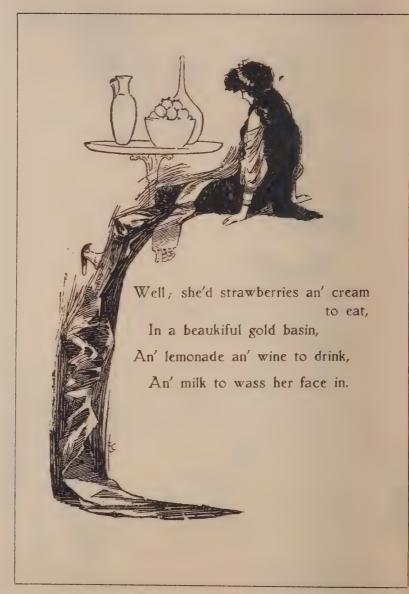




Would you raver be a princess, Ma,
Like likkle Lottie Morgan,
Or a servant, or a teacher,
Or a lady wis an organ?







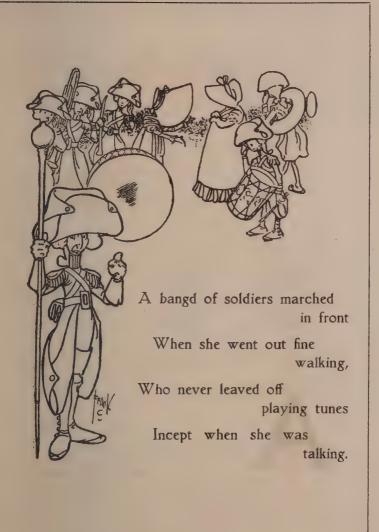


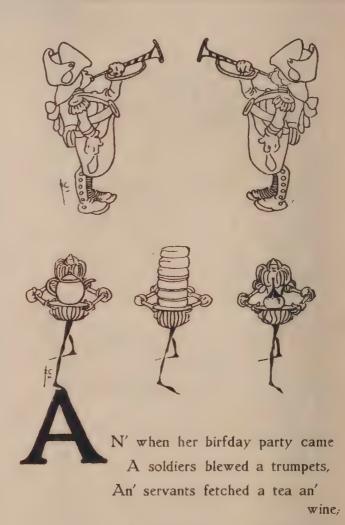


She'd such a plitty silver bed,
An' golden chairs an' tables,
A pearlie coach, an' zebras six,
In lovely ivory stables.







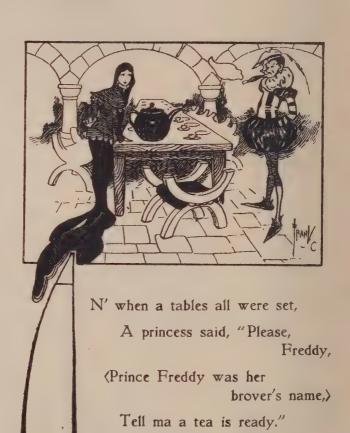


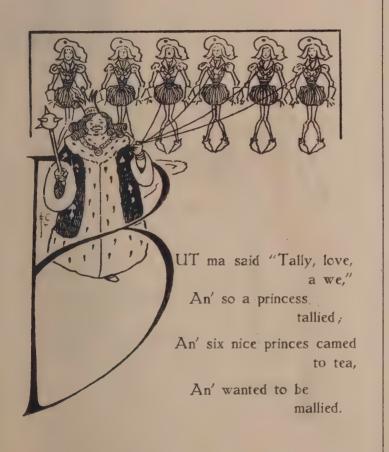
A muffins an' a crumpets.

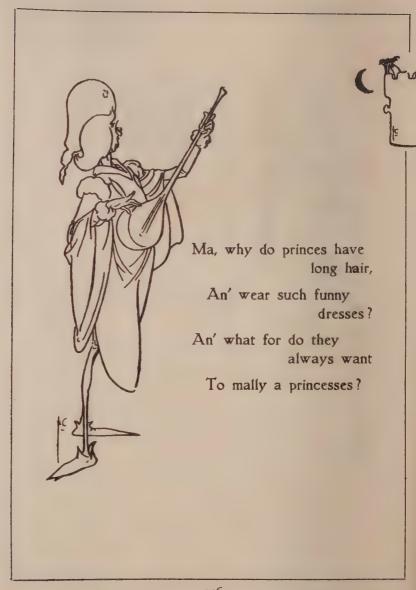


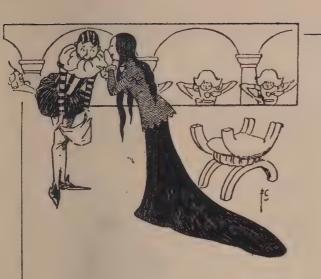
They'd tarts, an' s'rimps,
an' watercress,
An' pigeon pie, an' pheasants,
An' all a kings an' queens
they knewed
Sent lovely birfday plesents.





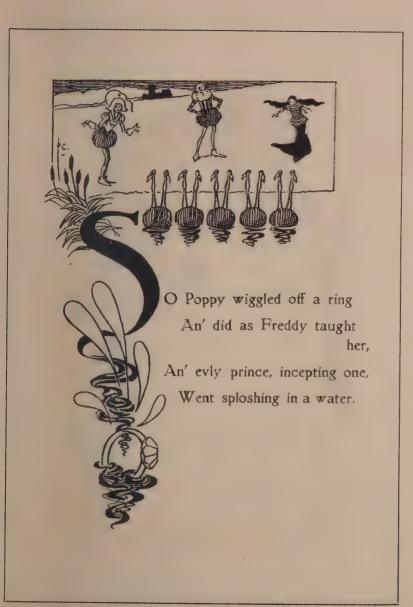


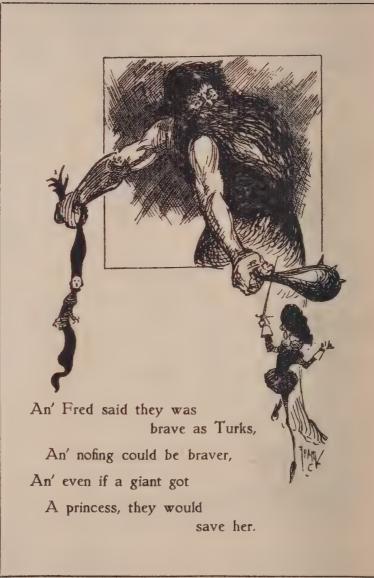




ELL; Princess Poppy didn't know
One better as anover,
An' so she getted off a chair,
An' whispelled at her brover.











Which do you fink 's bravest, Ma,
A Turkman or a Greeceman?
An' which is worst, a giant, or
A burglar, or a pleeceman?





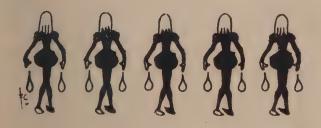


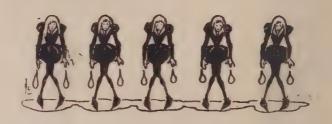




An' when a princess said, "They's five,
All wet, but which is my one?"

Prince Freddy laughed an' said he finks
She'd better take the dry one.







FINK, Ma, they'd feel bery cross,

When they'd been in a river,

To see a princess wamble off,

An' leave zem all to s'iver.



